A DELL COMIC

DELL

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NO. 3

10¢

HENRY ALDRICH

OCT.-DEC.

52 pages —
ALL COMICS!

Henry Aldrich • STAR REPORTER.

"No, not that. That's one of my most prized possessions," cried Henry, as he and his mother were cleaning out the Aldrich attic. "Don't throw that out!"

"But, Henry, you haven't used this printing press since your Aunt Emma gave it to you five years ago!"

"Mother, I was just ABOUT to. Why I'm starting a newspaper . . . weren't we, Homer?" he added, as Homer appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Weren't we WHAT, Henry?"

"Starting a newspaper, Homer," explained Henry. "I was just telling Mother."

"A newspaper? . . . oh, oh yes, a newspaper, Mrs. Aldrich."

So, when the cleaning in the attic was completed, the two boys carried the printing press down to the cellar.

"Well, it's going to be a newspaper now, eh, Henry?" asked Homer.

"Yes, we'll call it 'The Elm Street Clarion, The Greatest Little Newspaper In The World,'" announced Henry, "and I'll be editor."

Homer frowned.

"You can be head of distribution," Henry continued. "Well, after all, SOMEBODY'S got to deliver the papers. We'll sell subscriptions to everybody! Why, we'll make a million!"

Homer sat down wearily on the workbench. "Don't we have to have some NEWS to print in this paper, Henry?"

"Oh, yes, news . . . hmm."

So Henry became Star Reporter and, although the paper would carry no pictures, Homer was appointed Staff Photographer since he owned an old portrait camera that had belonged to his grandfather.

Henry stuck a card lettered "Press" in his hatband and with Homer carrying his ancient camera, they set off for Bingham's drugstore on the corner of Second and Main to ferret out some news.

"Look, Henry," said Homer when they saw a noisy crowd gathered on the corner, "we sure picked the right place . . . something's going on here!"

"Make way for the press," Henry cried, elbowing his way through the crowd and into the store. "All right, now," he continued in his most authoritative voice, "what's going on here? Who is . . .?"

He stopped suddenly and his eyes bulged and his jaw dropped.

"Gee whiz!"

Homer gasped, "Gosh, it's Elizabeth Craig, the movie star!"

Sure enough, it was lovely Miss Craig, the young star of Monarch Pictures, sitting alone in the second booth from the front, having a chocolate frosted.

Henry recovered his voice. "Ah . . . er, Miss Craig, I wonder if I could in-

(Continued on inside back cover)

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HENRY ALDRICH

THIS SUMMER CAMP COUNSELOR JOB WILL REALLY BE FUN, EH, HOMER?

WILD LIFE

WELL, HENRY, I'M NOT TOO SURE. I DON'T KNOW BEANS ABOUT WOODCRAFT!

DON'T WORRY, PAL, I'LL HELP YOU OUT!

YOU MEAN YOU CAN BUILD A FIRE WITHOUT MATCHES, HENRY?

SURE, HOMER. YOU JUST RUB A COUPLE OF STICKS TOGETHER. IT'S SIMPLE.

SIMPLE, EH?

CERTAINLY! THE FRICTION IGNITES THEM.

H.A.®3-5010

JUST LIKE *THAT*, EH? NOW I DOUBT THAT, HENRY.

IT'S TRUE! AFTER ALL, HOMER, IT'S COMPLETELY EXPLAINED IN THE CAMP HANDBOOK.

IN THE HANDBOOK, YES, HENRY. BUT HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

ER... NO--

WELL, I HAVE, HENRY!!

INDIAN RIVER JUNCTION! END OF THE LINE... BUSES HERE FOR WELCOME INN, MOUNTAIN VIEW, LAKESIDE LODGE, AND WA-WA-HE-HE CAMP FOR BOYS!

THAT'S US!

WA-WA-HE-HE-- WHAT A NAME! SOUNDS LIKE A STUTTERING HYENA!

IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE INDIAN, HOMER.

BE CAREFUL TAKING YOUR BAG DOWN, HENRY!

BONK!

OW!

SAY, COME ON, HENRY! I SEE OUR BUS OUT THERE!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS IS OUR BUS, HOMER?

WELL, IT MUST BE, IT'S THE ONLY ONE!

EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THIS THE BUS FOR CAMP WA-WA-HE-HE?

YEP... BUT, DO *YOU* WANT TO GO THERE?

YES, SIR. BOTH OF US.

YOU DON'T MEAN CAMP WA-WA-HE-HE FOR *GROWING BOYS SIX TO TEN?*

CERTAINLY!

OKAY, GET IN!

KIDS SURE ARE GETTIN' BIG FER THEIR AGE...

GEE WHIZ, HOMER-- LOOK AT THAT SCENERY, THAT MAGNIFICENT VIEW!

YES, IT'S REALLY OKAY!

JUST THINK, HENRY, A MOUNTAIN VACATION!

PLEASE, HOMER. WE ARE SUPPOSED TO WORK. WE'RE *COUNSELING*, REMEMBER?

HERE YOU ARE, LADDIES, AND DON'T FORGET TO WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS. HEH-HEH!

CAMP WA-WA-HE-HE

AH, MY TWO NEW ASSISTANTS...! I'M WHITACKER HAWKINS, CAMP DIRECTOR HERE FOR WA-WA-HE-HE, THE SUMMER CAMP THAT BUILDS MEN!

HOW DO YOU DO, SIR.

WE STRESS SELF-RELIANCE, INDUSTRY, RESOURCEFULNESS, AND A SUNNY DISPOSITION. COME--I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR RESPECTIVE PATROLS.

MEN OF THE HEDGEHOG PATROL, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOUR LEADER, MR. HENRY ALDRICH

GOOD MORNING, MR. ALDRICH!

NOW, BROWN, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR PATROL .. HMM, THEY SEEM TO BE AT IT AGAIN!

BIFF! POW! BAM! WHACK!

IT'S THE PANTHER PATROL. WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN AND INTRODUCE YOURSELF? IT WOULD BE MORE FRIENDLY!

"FRIENDLY," HE SAYS... HA! IT LOOKS AS IF I HAVE THE PROBLEM CHILD PATROL. THAT MEANS I *WORK!*

POW!

PANTHERS

BAM!

WAP!

JUST A MINUTE HERE, HOMER, M'BOY! THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF TACKLING THIS.. ONE IS BY *BRUTE FORCE*...THE OTHER IS BY *USING YOUR HEAD!*

QUIET!

?

?

?

...AND THUS BEGAN THE TRAINING IN WOODCRAFT, CAMPCRAFT, AND ANIMAL LORE AT CAMP WA-WA-HE-HE...

SAY, HOMER, HOW COME YOU HAVE SO MUCH SPARE TIME? I NOTICE YOU'RE SELDOM COUNSELING.

NO ONE HAS ASKED ME FOR ANY ADVICE. HENRY!

YOU'RE *WAITING* FOR THE KIDS TO *ASK* YOU?

LOOK, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BUILD SELF-RELIANCE AND RESOURCEFULNESS, AREN'T WE?

CERTAINLY! SO WHAT?

WELL, HENRY, THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING--I LET MY PATROL DO EVERY-THING ITSELF.

IN FACT, HENRY, *I'M* LEARNING QUITE A BIT FROM *THEM!*

OH!

...CAMP LIFE ROLLS ON--THEN ONE DAY...

NOW TO START A FIRE, WE...ER...UH...

OH, *HENRY!*

THANKS FOR CALLING ME JUST THEN, HOMER. I WAS HAVING TROUBLE GETTING THAT FIRE STARTED.

RUBBING TWO STICKS TOGETHER, WERE YOU, HENRY?

HENRY, DO YOU THINK THE INDIANS WOULD'VE RUBBED STICKS TOGETHER IF THEY HAD MATCHES ?

SAY, WHAT'S UP, ANYWAY?

MR. HAWKINS WANTS TO SEE US...

...RIGHT AWAY!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WANTS NOW, HOMER?

MAYBE HE FOUND OUT WE WERE USING THE CANOES AFTER HOURS.

OR MAYBE HE DISCOVERED WE'VE BEEN EATING WITH BOTH PATROLS AND GETTING DOUBLE MEALS.

COULD BE, HENRY.

COME IN.

KNOCK!

KNOCK

CAMP DIRECT

MEN, I WANT TO OUTLINE THE FINAL PROBLEM OF OUR CAMP EXPERIENCE, CALLING FOR ALL THE KNOWLEDGE OF WOOD-CRAFT WE CAN MUSTER.

CAMP DIRECTOR

YOU'LL BE SET WITH YOUR PATROLS, FULLY EQUIPPED, ON ISLANDS FAR FROM CIVILIZATION.

GEE WHIZ!

GOSH!

THIS IS A SURVIVAL PROBLEM!

FOR HOW MANY WEEKS, MR. HAWKINS?

EH... OH, OVERNIGHT...

HERE ARE YOUR SEALED ORDERS, GENTLEMEN!

YES, SIR!

THAT IS ALL!

WELL, I SEE MY PANTHER PATROL GOES TO TURTLE ISLAND.

I TAKE THE HEDGEHOGS TO SKUNK ISLAND. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, HOMER.

SYNCHRONIZE YOUR WATCHES AND START YOUR GEAR, MEN. OPERATION "ISLAND" STARTS IMMEDIATELY!

OKAY--LET'S GO! FORWARD TO THE CANOES! WE'LL SHOW WE'RE ON THE BALL!

FOLLOW ME, MEN!

OOPS!

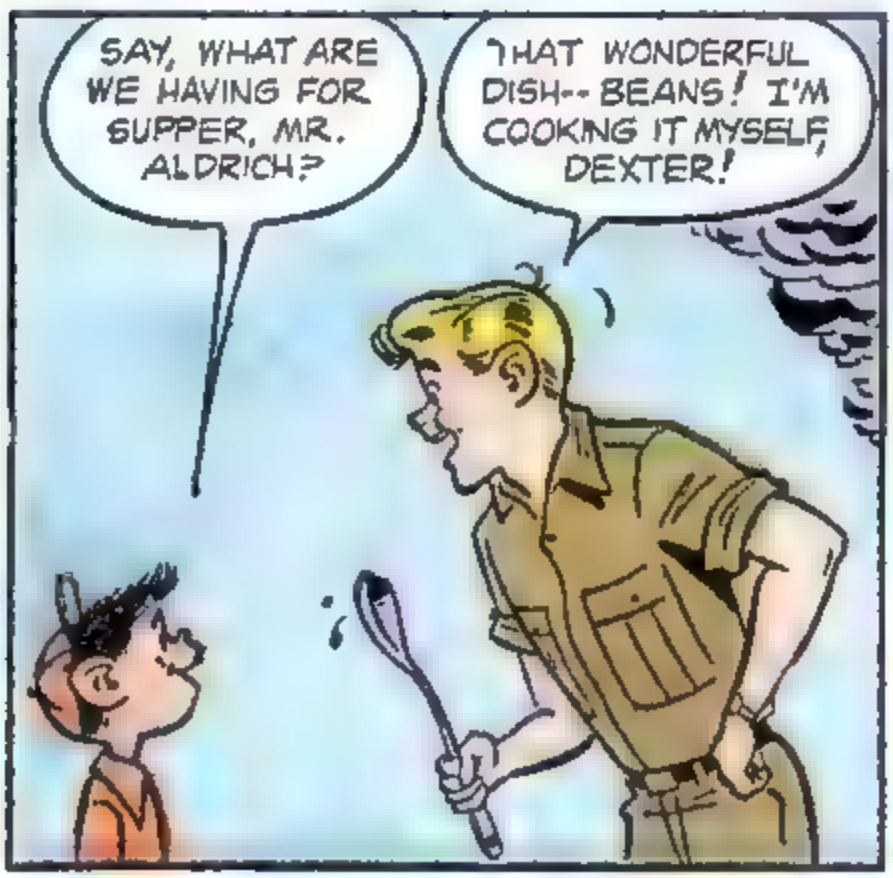
SPLASH!

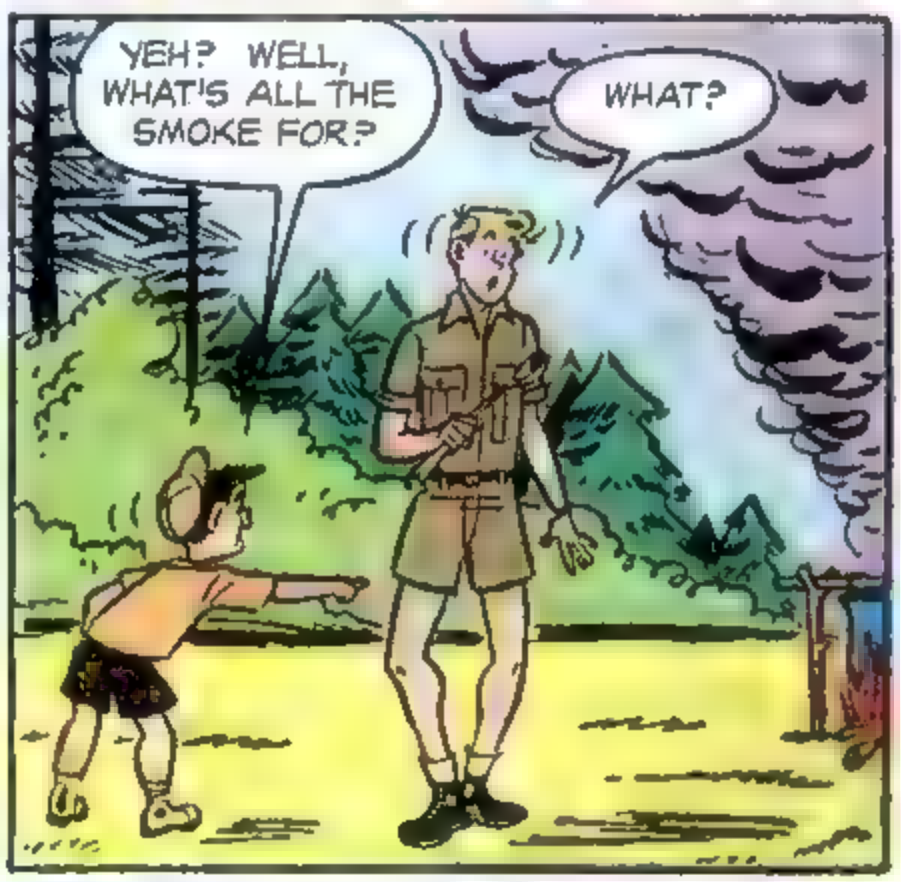
BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT, FELLAS, WHILE MR. ALDRICH HAS HIS SWIM...

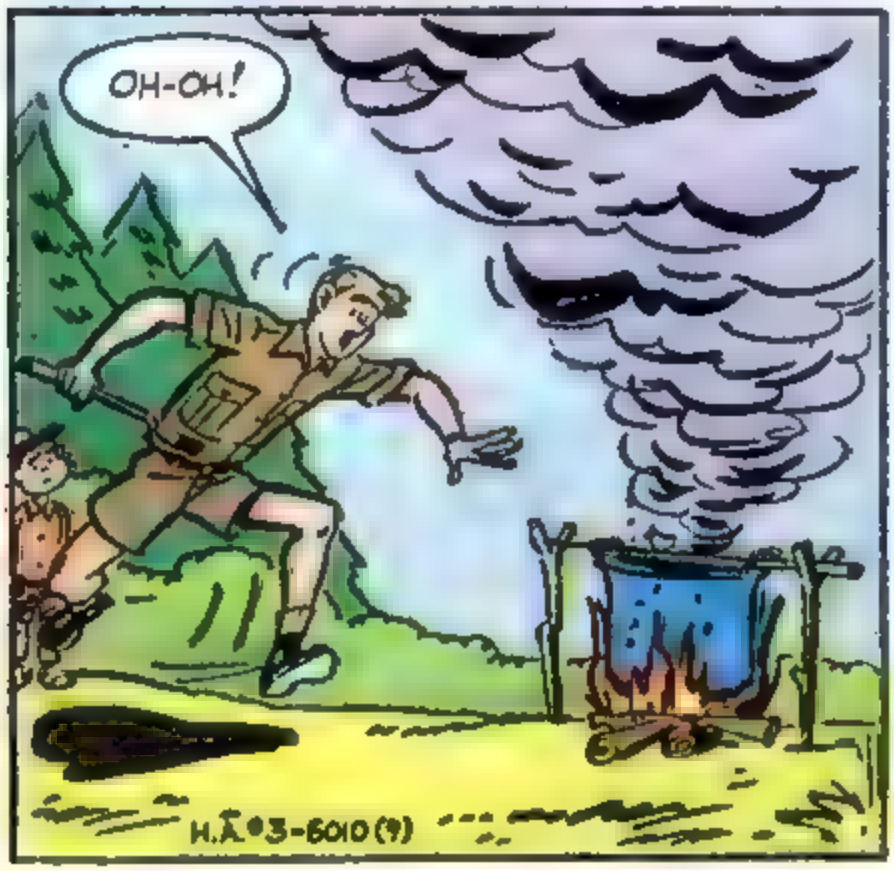
HA! HA! HA!

THERE IT IS--SKUNK ISLAND, OUR HOME FOR THE NEXT... ER... TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

THAT'S IT, MEN--HOP TO IT! CLEAR GROUND, SET UP SHELTER THERE, FIRE HERE, GET OUT SLEEPING BAGS, STAND BY FOR GRUB...
BEANS


SAY, WHAT ARE WE HAVING FOR SUPPER, MR. ALDRICH?
THAT WONDERFUL DISH--BEANS! I'M COOKING IT MYSELF, DEXTER!


YEH? WELL, WHAT'S ALL THE SMOKE FOR?
WHAT?


OH-OH!
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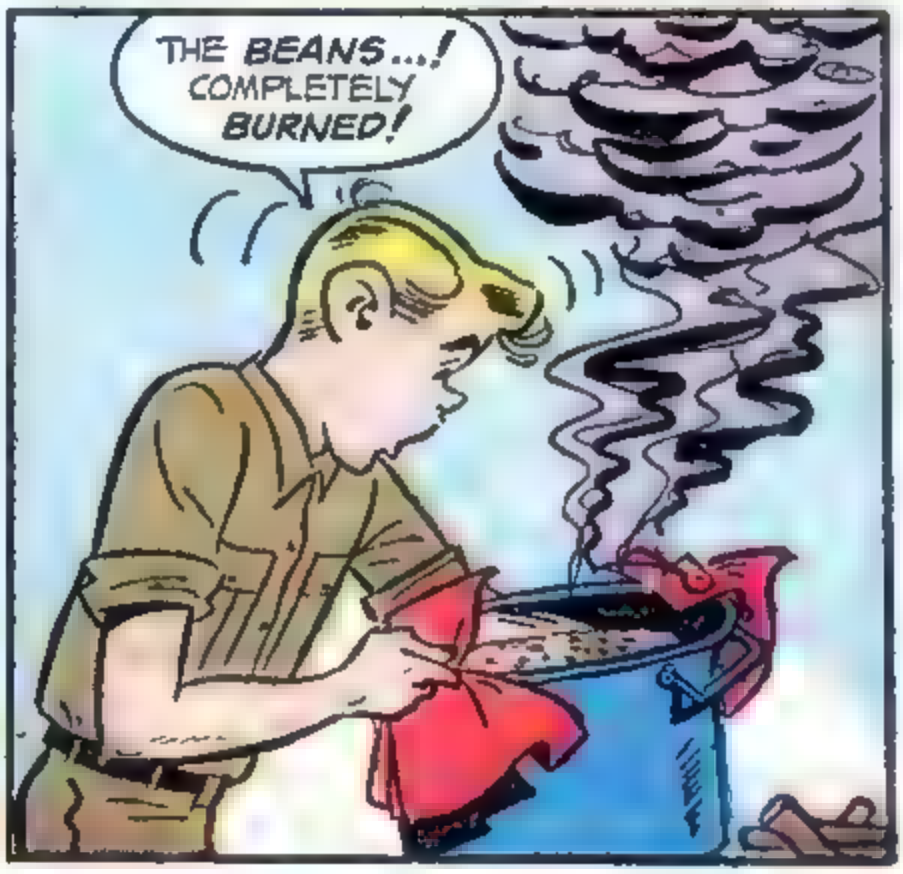

THE BEANS...! COMPLETELY BURNED!

GEE WHIZ! WHAT'LL I DO? WHY WE'LL STARVE BEFORE BREAKFAST TOMORROW... HMM BREAKFAST.

OH, BOYS, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. WE'RE HAVING FLAPJACKS FOR SUPPER. COME AND GET 'EM!

GOOD, AREN'T THEY, MEN?

YES, MR. ALDRICH, BUT WHAT ARE WE HAVING FOR BREAKFAST, TOMORROW?

OH, YES, BREAKFAST... WELL, ER... WE'LL SEE. I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT...

HMM, THAT IS A PROBLEM!

I WONDER HOW HOMER IS MAKING OUT. I MIGHT BORROW SOME FOOD FROM HIM TOMORROW.

SURE, THAT'S IT! I'LL GO OVER TO HIS ISLAND, RIGHT AWAY. HE'D BE GLAD TO SHARE HIS LAST CRUMB WITH AN OLD BUDDY.

IT'S LUCKY TURTLE ISLAND IS CLOSE TO SKUNK ISLAND!

NOW TO FIND HOMER!

I CAN'T LET HIS PATROL KNOW ABOUT THIS. I'D NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT!

BUT MY KNOWLEDGE OF WOODCRAFT WILL KEEP ME FROM BEING DETECTED.

YE-AAY!

WHAT TH'...!

HOORAY, WE CAUGHT A SPY TRYIN' TO ROB OUR CAMP... GRAB HIM!

TIE HIM UP!

GREAT WORK, FELLOW PANTHERS!

HI, HOMER!

WHY... IT'S HENRY ALDRICH!

LET'S SCALP H.M!
THROW HIM IN THE LAKE!
HE'S A SPY!
BURN HIM AT THE STAKE!
ER...
NOW, EASY, BOYS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

I MUST SAY, HENRY, IT'S VERY UNSPORTSMAN-LIKE, COMING OVER TO SPY ON US! YOU HAVEN'T HELPED OUR POSITION AS COUNSELORS ANY.
I JUST WANTED TO BORROW SOME BEANS, HOMER.
I BURNED MINE!

YOU DID, HENRY? WHY I DID, TOO... SO I SERVED THEM THE FLAPJACKS INSTEAD!
NO... *DID* YOU? SO DID I! BUT NOW, WHAT WILL WE HAVE FOR BREAKFAST, HOMER?

GOSH, HENRY. I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT!
YOU WILL, HOMER, YOU WILL! THAT'S WHY I CAME OVER!

UH... HENRY... Y'KNOW THERE'S PLENTY OF FOOD BACK AT CAMP WA-WA-HE-HE... AND...
WHY, HOMER, THAT'S *REALLY* UNSPORTS-MANLIKE!

AND BESIDES, WHAT IF WE'RE SEEN?

THAT'S SIMPLE, HENRY. WE DISGUISE OURSELVES!

AFTER ALL, HENRY, WE CAN'T LET THE HEDGE-HOGS AND THE PANTHERS DOWN, CAN WE?

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, HOMER. IT'S FOR OUR PATROLS!

OKAY!

AND SO...

HOW DO I LOOK, HOMER?

FINE! ARE WE ALL SET? THEN LET'S GO!

HOMER, THE GROUND TICKLES MY FEET!

SHHH... INDIANS NEVER COMPLAIN, HENRY!

AS SOON AS WE GET ASHORE AT THE MAIN CAMP, HEAD FOR THE MESS HALL!

RIGHT, HOMER!

HENRY, DO YOU SUPPOSE THE HEDGE-HOGS AND THE PANTHERS WILL EAT BEANS FOR BREAKFAST?

EASY, HOMER!

SQUEAK!

MR. HAWKINS MIGHT BE AROUND.

HE'S AWAY HAVING A GOOD TIME IN TOWN PROBABLY.

AH, HERE ARE THE BEANS.

SPAM

BEANS

SAY--WHAT WAS THAT SOUND? I SWEAR I HEARD SOMETHING..

SOAP

COULD BE SMALL ANIMALS GETTING INTO THE FOOD IN THE MESS HALL.

GREAT JUMPING CATFISH! WILD INDIANS!

WHY, THEY HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN IN THESE PARTS FOR YEARS!

BEANS

PUT UP YOUR HANDS, YOU THIEVING REDSKINS, OR I'LL FIRE!

?

OH-OH! IT'S MR. HAWKINS! HE'S SPOTTED US!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BEANS

BANG!

ZIP

CONFOUND IT! I MISSED!

H-HOMER, WE SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN! WE *MIGHT* HAVE BEEN SHOT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, HENRY. BUT ANYWAY, WE'RE SAFE NOW!

AHA, VOICES!

Y'KNOW, HOMER, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THIS WASN'T TOO GOOD AN IDEA.

SHH... NOW, WAIT, HENRY! WE JUST LIE LOW FOR A WHILE...

BANG!

SAY-- WHAT WAS THAT?

IT SOUNDED LIKE A GUN!

HEY!

LET'S GO SEE!

WOW! WHAT'S GO-ING ON?

WAKE UP!

HEY!

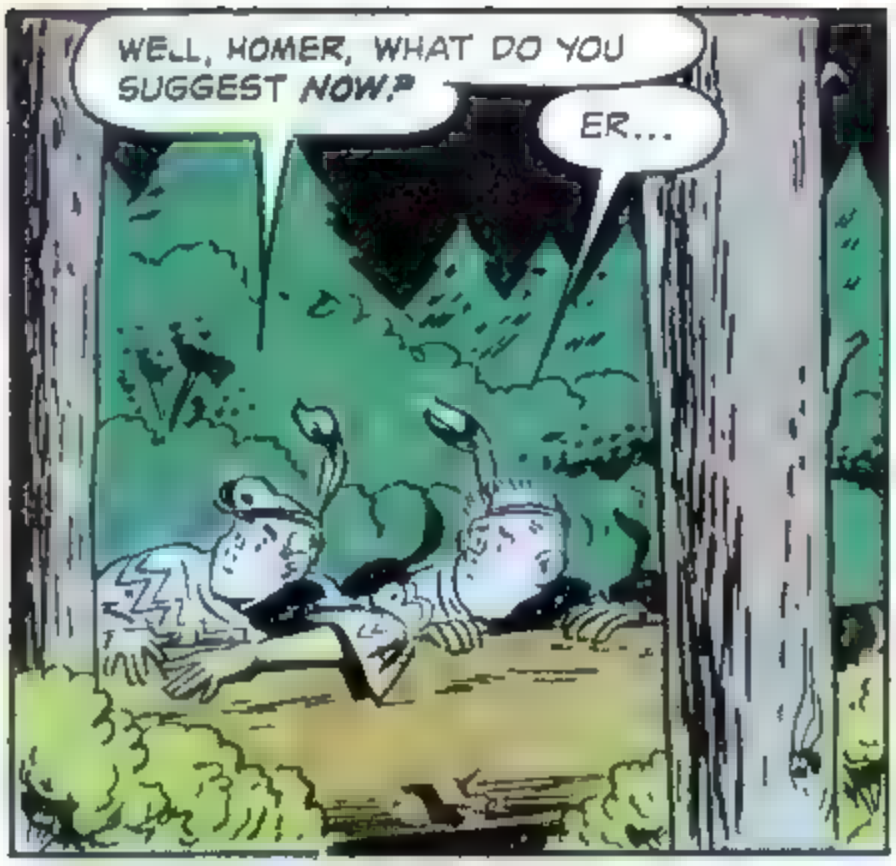
LOOK--THERE'S MR HAWKINS!

HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING!

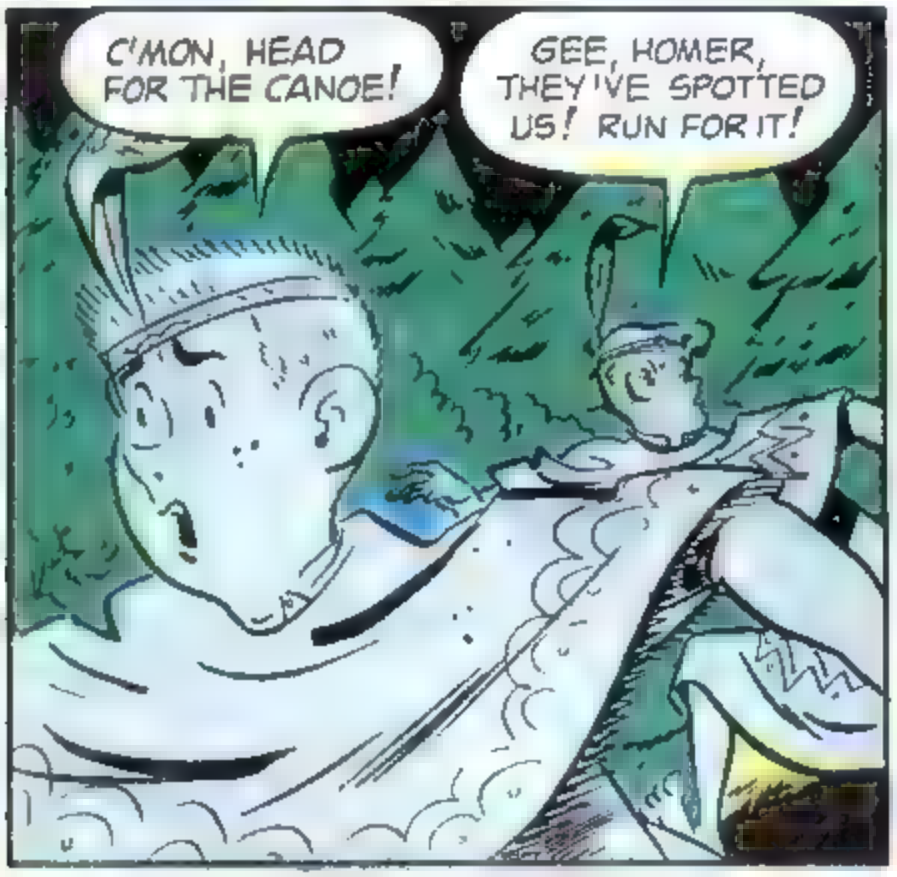
GIVE HIM A HAND!

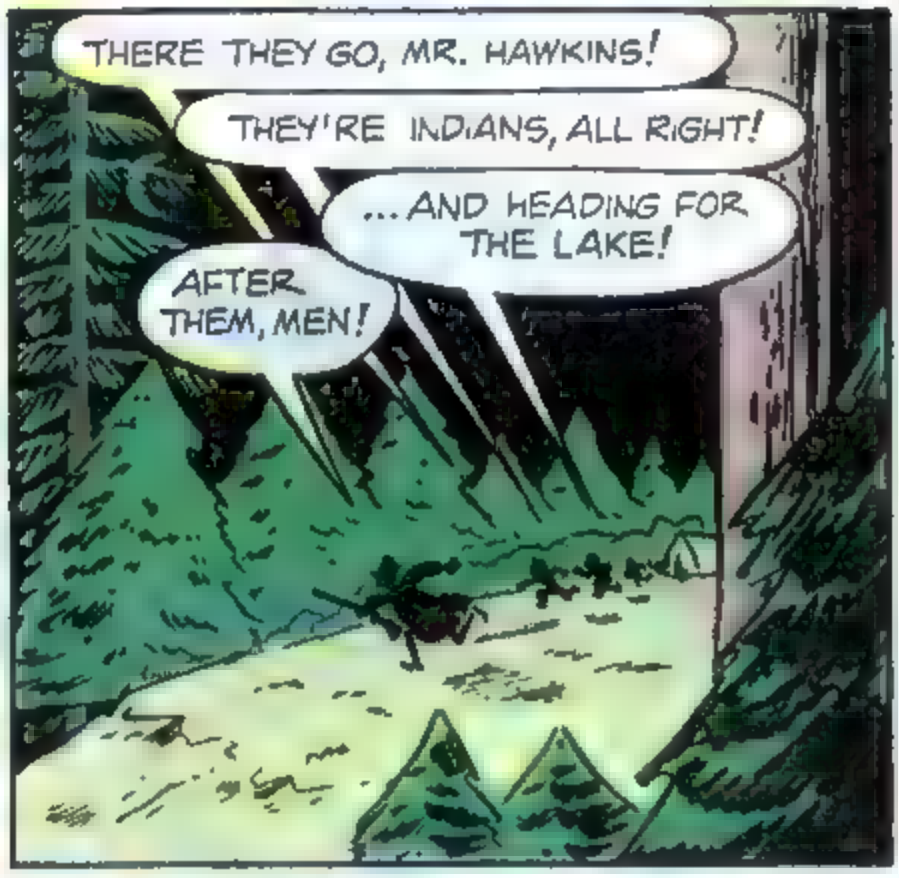
LET'S GO!

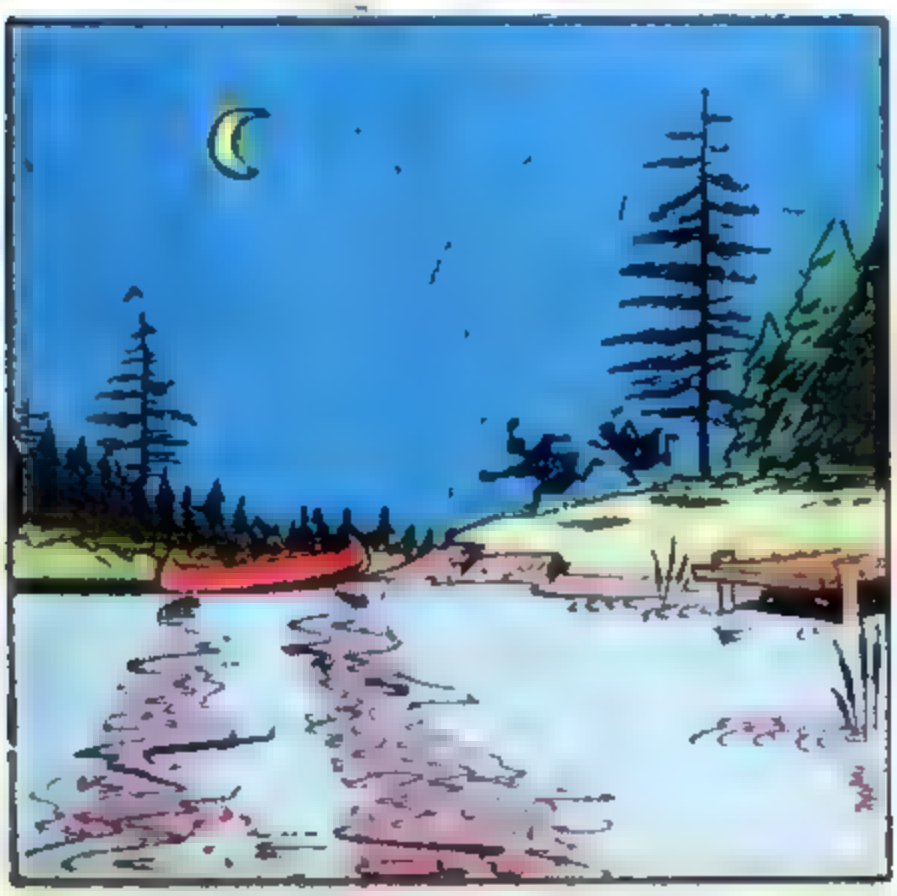
YE-AY!

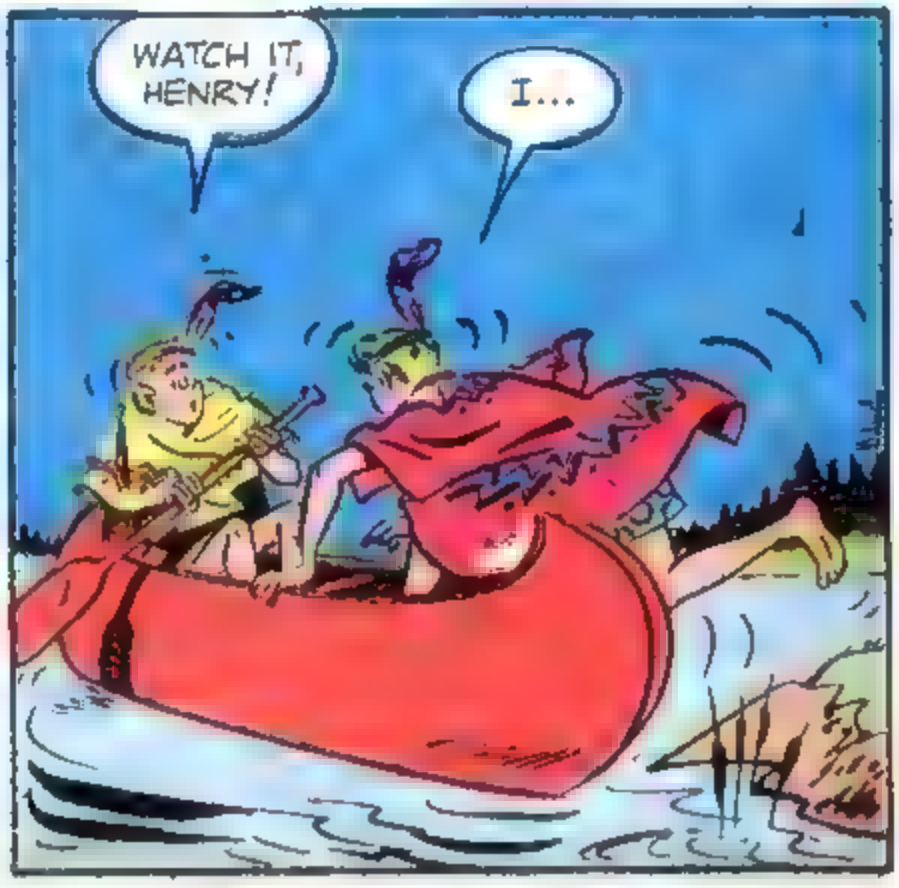

WELL, HOMER, WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST NOW?
ER...

YOU MEAN THAT YOU PICK A TIME LIKE THIS TO RUN OUT OF SUGGESTIONS, HOMER?
WELL, OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET BACK TO OUR ISLANDS!


C'MON, HEAD FOR THE CANOE!
GEE, HOMER, THEY'VE SPOTTED US! RUN FOR IT!


THERE THEY GO, MR. HAWKINS!
THEY'RE INDIANS, ALL RIGHT!
...AND HEADING FOR THE LAKE!
AFTER THEM, MEN!




WATCH IT, HENRY!
I...

KER-SPLASH!

SORRY, HOMER, I NEVER COULD LEARN HOW TO GET INTO A CANOE!

THERE THEY ARE!

WHAT'S THIS . ALDRICH AND BROWN, YOU TWO!

HA!

HA!

HA-HA!

HA!

ALL RIGHT NOW... WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

WE NEEDED SOME BEANS FOR OUR PATROLS, MR. HAWKINS.

YOUR PATROLS? AND WHERE ARE THEY?

STILL OUT ON THEIR STANDS, MR. HAWKINS!

WHAT? OUT THERE ALL ALONE? WHY, THEY CAN GET INTO ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE WITH THE WILD ANIMALS!

DON'T WORRY, SIR. THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

OH, WILL THEY? NOW GET OUT THERE AND TAKE CARE OF YOUR MEN RIGHT AWAY!

YES, SIR!

... AND TAKE OFF THOSE INFERNAL COSTUMES!

YES, SIR!

IF I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MY PATROL, IT'S THE WILD ANIMALS WHO ARE IN DANGER!

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, HOMER!

THANKS FOR DROPPING ME OFF!

SO LONG, HENRY!

SO LONG, HOMER!

GEE WHIZ, WHERE'S MY PATROL? THE CAMP IS DESERTED!

GOLLY THIS IS BAD! DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY GOT INTO TROUBLE?

BUT WHY WOULD THEY LEAVE ? GOSH, AND I'M RESPONSIBLE, TOO!

OH, ME.

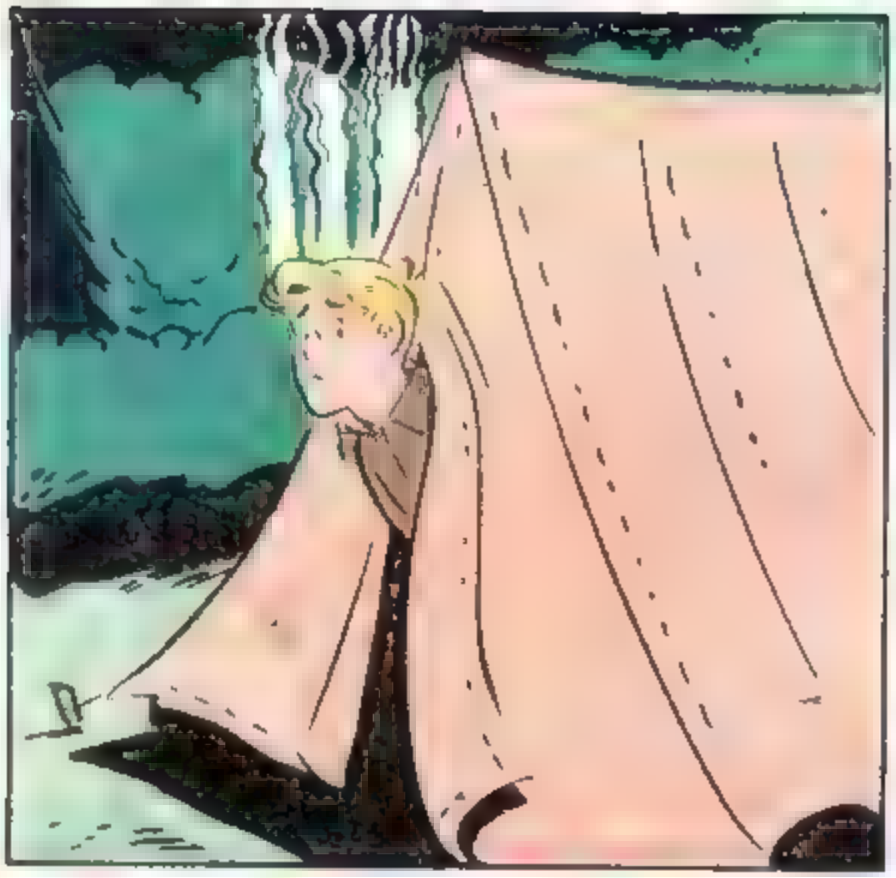
THEY COULDN'T ALL BE IN HERE, BUT MAYBE

WHAT'S *THIS*. A CAT?

SHOO, KITTY, GET OUT.

HEY!

OOOOOHH!



OH, HO-HO!
HA! HA!
LOOK WHO GOT IT!
HO-HO!
OLD SKUNK-O!
OH, SO THAT'S WHERE YOU ALL WERE!

PHEW!
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE, FELLAS!
YEAH, LET'S GO!

OH, NO! THEY WOULDN'T!
THEY COULDN'T!

G'BYE, MR. ALDRICH!
G'BYE!
GEE WHIZ!

I THINK I'D BETTER TAKE A RUN OUT TO THE ISLANDS IN THE LAUNCH AND CHECK ON THOSE TWO COUNSELORS!

EGAD--WHAT'S THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE CANOES COMING BACK!

PUT

PUT

WHY, IT'S THE HEDGEHOG PATROL!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

BACK TO THE MAINLAND, MR. HAWKINS!

OH, YOU ARE, EH? WELL, WHERE IS THAT PATROL LEADER OF YOURS, MR. ALDRICH?

OH, YOU'LL FIND HIM BACK ON HIS ISLAND!

YEH, SKUNK ISLAND, MR. HAWKINS!

HA-HA!

YOU YOUNG MEN TURN AROUND AND FOLLOW ME... I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

YES, SIR!

PUT

PUT

AHOY THERE, ALDRICH!

AHOY... ER, I SUGGEST YOU DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, MR. HAWKINS!

NO?

I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH ONE OF THE WILD ANIMALS...

HA-HA!

HA-HA!

SO

THE REST OF THE HEDGEHOG PATROL DESERTED... I'M MAROONED!

EGAD, MAN, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?

NO MR. HAWKINS, BUT I KNOW WHAT THE SKUNK HAS!

CONFOUND IT, ALDRICH, YOU'LL STAY HERE ON SKUNK ISLAND UNTIL YOU GET RID OF THAT SMELL!

YOU'VE BESMIRCHED THE NAME OF WA-WA-HE-HE!

GEE WHIZ!

PUT PUT

SAY, WHAT HAPPENED, ANYWAY, HENRY?

HOMER, WOULD YOU WRITE MY MOTHER AND TELL HER THAT DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND MY CONTROL, I'LL BE A FEW DAYS LATE GETTING HOME?

THE END

HOMER BROWN'S nightmare

GOSH, IT ISN'T LIKE HOMER TO BE *THIS* LATE!

DID YOU BOYS HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DO, HENRY?

GGG

Bill Watterson

WELL, *I* THINK SO. . AND I'M SURE *GERALDINE* AND *AGNES* THINK SO--BUT APPARENTLY *HOMER* DOESN'T!

HE COULDN'T HAVE *FORGOTTEN* ABOUT THE DATE!

YOU'D THINK THE *LEAST* HE'D DO IS GIVE ME A RING! WELL, I'LL CALL *HIM*!

HELLO. . MRS. BROWN? THIS IS HENRY! OH, I'M FINE, THANK YOU... AND HOW IS MY GOOD FRIEND, *HOMER*, THIS MORNING?

Y-YOU DON'T KNOW? WHAT! ***HE'S STILL IN BED?***

GOSH! STILL IN BED!! AND HERE WE ARE SITTING AROUND *WAITING* FOR HIM!

GERALDINE AND AGNES WILL NEVER SPEAK TO US AGAIN!

I DON'T MIND ABOUT *AGNES!* SHE'S *HOMER'S* G.RL-- BUT *GERALDINE--*

DRUGS

...SHE CAN BE *AWFULLY* UNREASONABLE! SHE'LL BLAME ME, TOO, JUST BECAUSE HOMER'S MY FRIEND!

MRS. BROWN, IS HOMER UP YET?

I--I THINK HE IS, HENRY! HE *ANSWERED* ME THE *LAST* TIME I CALLED HIM!, I GUESS YOU CAN GO UP!

I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND IF YOU HEAR A LITTLE SHOUTING FROM UPSTAIRS, MRS. BROWN!

HOMER!

GOOD MORNING, HENRY!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, HOMER? HOW ABOUT THE DATE WE HAD WITH GERALDINE AND AGNES? WE'RE ALMOST AN HOUR LATE ALREADY!

I'M SORRY, HENRY! I HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE LAST NIGHT!

NIGHT-MARE?

YES, HENRY, RIGHT AFTER I WENT TO SLEEP LAST NIGHT! I DREAMED THAT I WAS IN A SWANKY NIGHT CLUB WITH AGNES, AND WE RAN UP A BILL OF *SIXTEEN DOLLARS!*

WELL, WHAT--

...WHEN IT CAME TIME TO PAY THE CHECK I DISCOVERED THERE WERE NO *POCKETS* IN MY PANTS!

GOSH! THAT *WAS* AN AWFUL NIGHTMARE, HOMER! WH-WHAT HAPPENED *THEN?*

I WOKE UP! AND I DIDN'T GET TO SLEEP TILL *SIX* THIS MORNING! *GOSH, I'M TIRED!*

WELL, HURRY AND GET DRESSED, HOMER! I'M SURE THE GIRLS WILL UNDERSTAND WHEN WE TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED!

NO POCKETS ...NO MONEY...

HOW DO I LOOK, HENRY?

FINE, HOMER...A LITTLE TIRED... BUT FINE!

LET'S GO!

SO LONG, MRS. BROWN!

AREN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE BREAKFAST, HOMER?

OH, HE'LL SKIP BREAKFAST THIS MORNING, MRS. BROWN! HE'S NOT VERY HUNGRY!

BUT--

HENRY... I *AM* HUNGRY!

HOW CAN ANY-BODY BE ***SLEEPY*** AND ***HUNGRY*** AT THE SAME TIME?

I CAN!

STOP, HOMER! THIS IS GERALDINE'S HOUSE!

OH!

WE'LL BE RIGAT OUT! SHE'S PROBABLY WAITING!

TAKE YOUR TIME, HENRY!

TAKE YOUR TIME HE SAYS!

RING! RING!

HMM! SHE'S TAKING HER TIME ANSWERING THE DOOR!

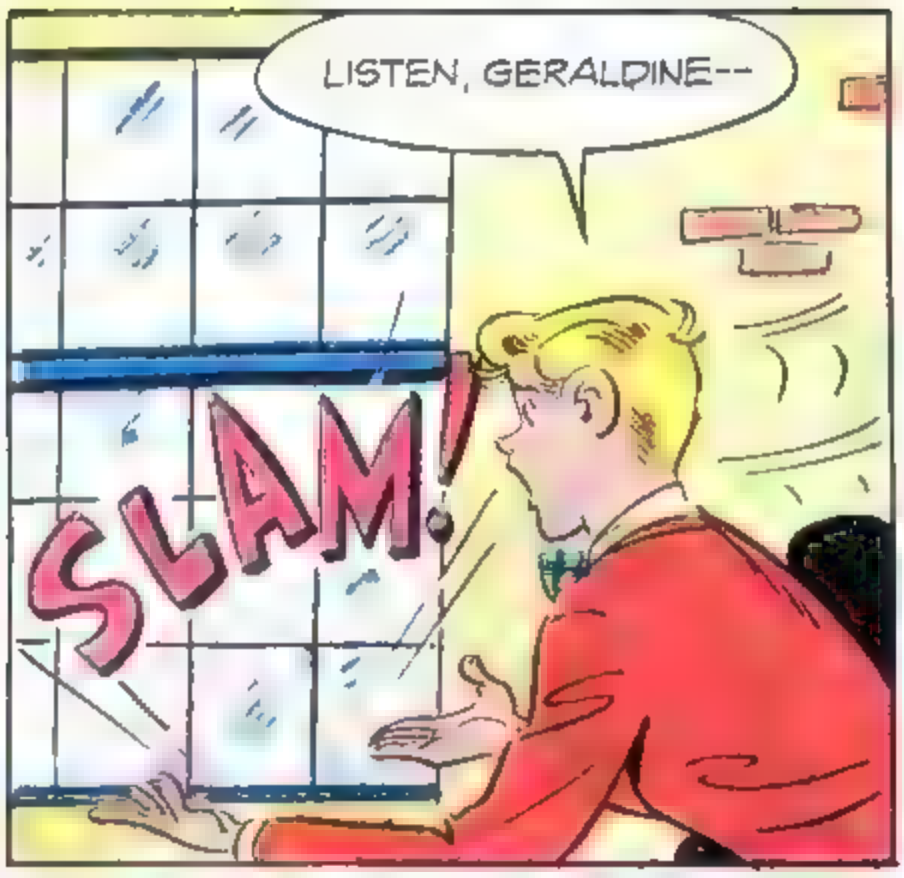
I GUESS SHE JUST WANTS US TO STEW A LITTLE WHILE, FOR BEING LATE!

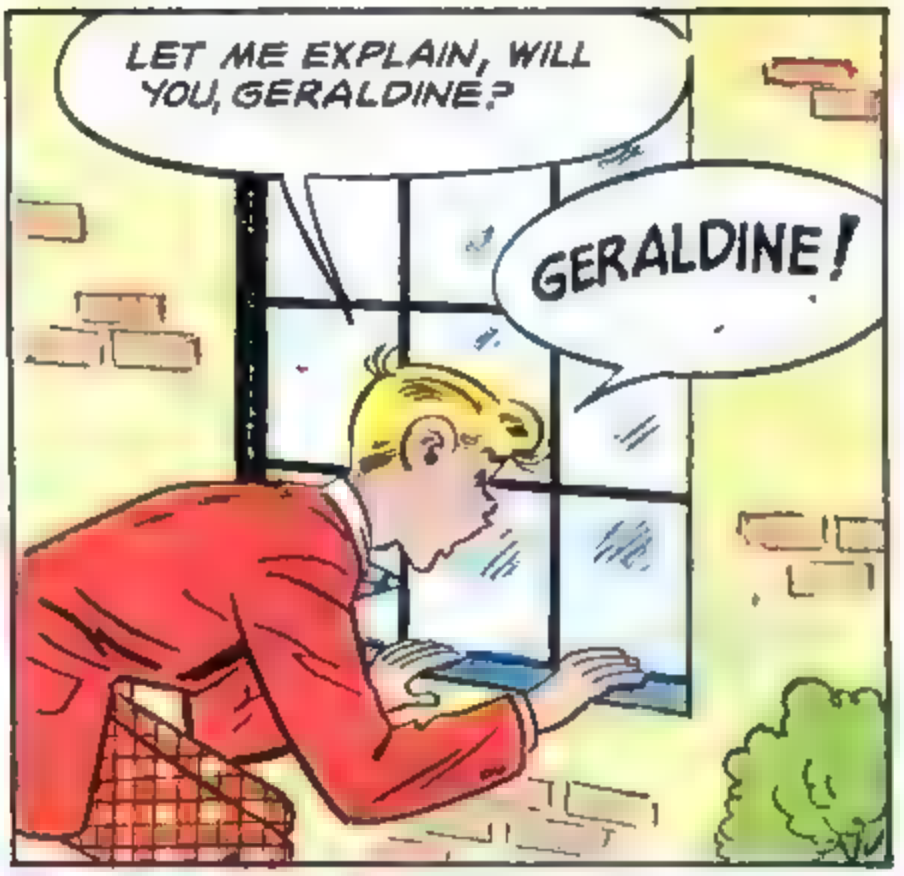
I DON'T MIND STEWING A *LITTLE* WHILE, BUT THIS IS CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR!

RING! RING! RING!

HENRY! CAN'T YOU TAKE A *HINT?* YOU'RE AN HOUR AND A HALF LATE! YOU CAN TURN RIGHT AROUND AND GO HOME NOW!

HUH?


LISTEN, GERALDINE--
SLAM!


LET ME EXPLAIN, WILL YOU, GERALDINE?
GERALDINE!

IT'S NO USE!
I'LL GO AROUND TO THE BACK! MAYBE I'LL SEE HER MOTHER...
ZZ

HER MOTHER IS MORE REASONABLE THAN SHE IS--EVEN IF HER FATHER DOESN'T THINK SO!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

HELLO, MRS. LOVE! I WONDER IF YOU'D BE KIND ENOUGH TO CARRY A MESSAGE TO GERALDINE? YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND HER IN HER ROOM!

PLEASE TELL HER THAT HOMER HAD AN AWFUL NIGHTMARE LAST NIGHT -- HE DREAMED HE WAS IN A NIGHT CLUB WITH AGNES, AND WHEN IT CAME TIME TO PAY THE CHECK, HE DISCOVERED THERE WERE NO POCKETS IN HIS PANTS! HE WOKE UP THEN, BUT HE WAS SO HUMILIATED, HE COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK THE REST OF THE NIGHT... THAT'S WHY HE OVER-SLEPT, AND THAT'S WHY WE'RE LATE...

I-I'LL TELL HER!

I HOPE GERALDINE REALIZES IT COULD HAPPEN TO *ANYBODY!*

OH, HENRY, MOTHER JUST TOLD ME--

I *KNEW* YOU'D UNDERSTAND, GERALDINE!

YOU SHOULD HAVE *KNOWN* THERE WAS A GOOD REASON WHY WE WERE LATE, GERALDINE!

I'M GLAD YOU TOLD MOTHER THE STORY!

Z

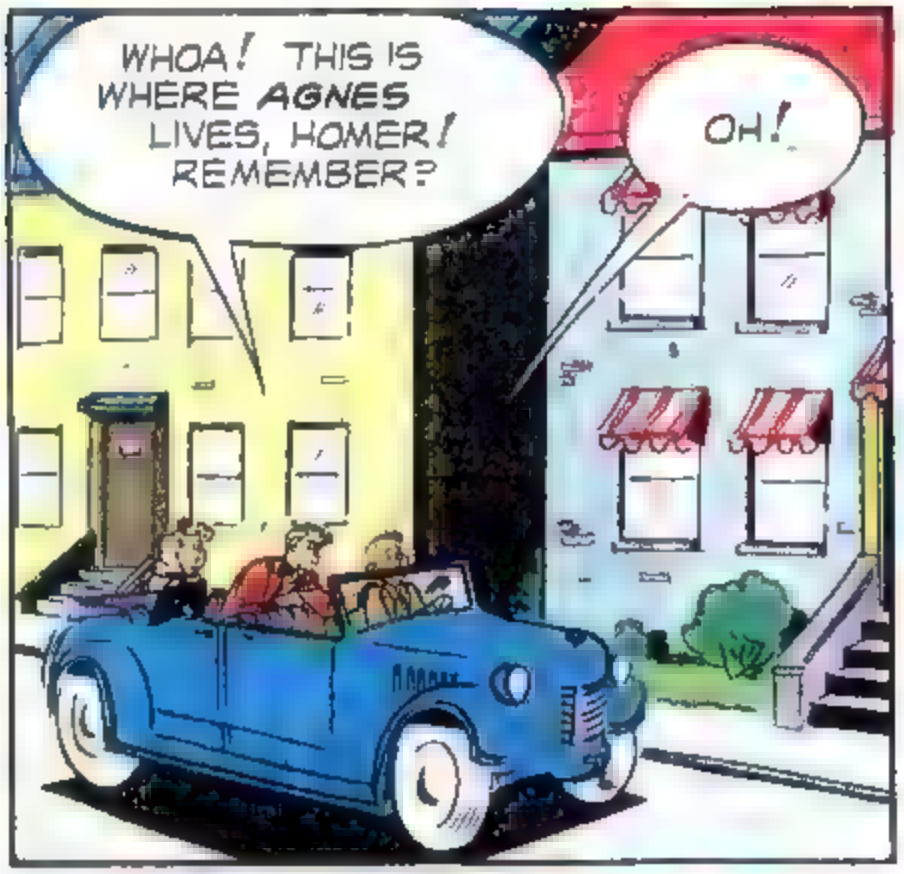
LOOK! HE'S SOUND ASLEEP!

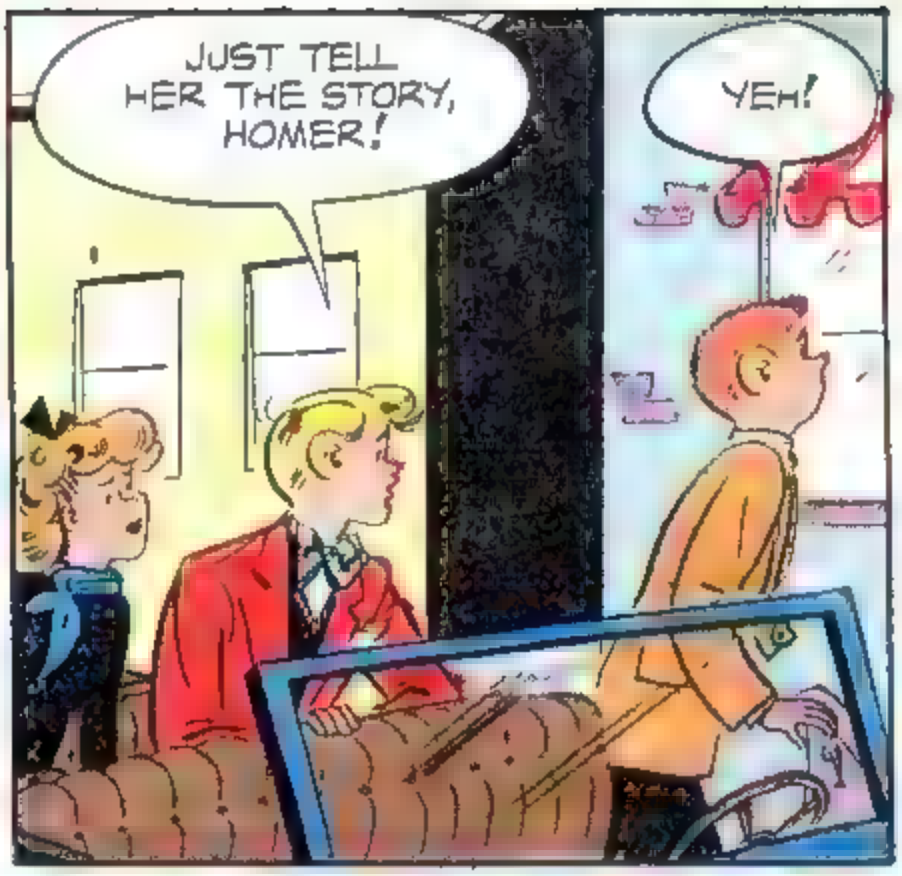
HOMER! WAKE UP!

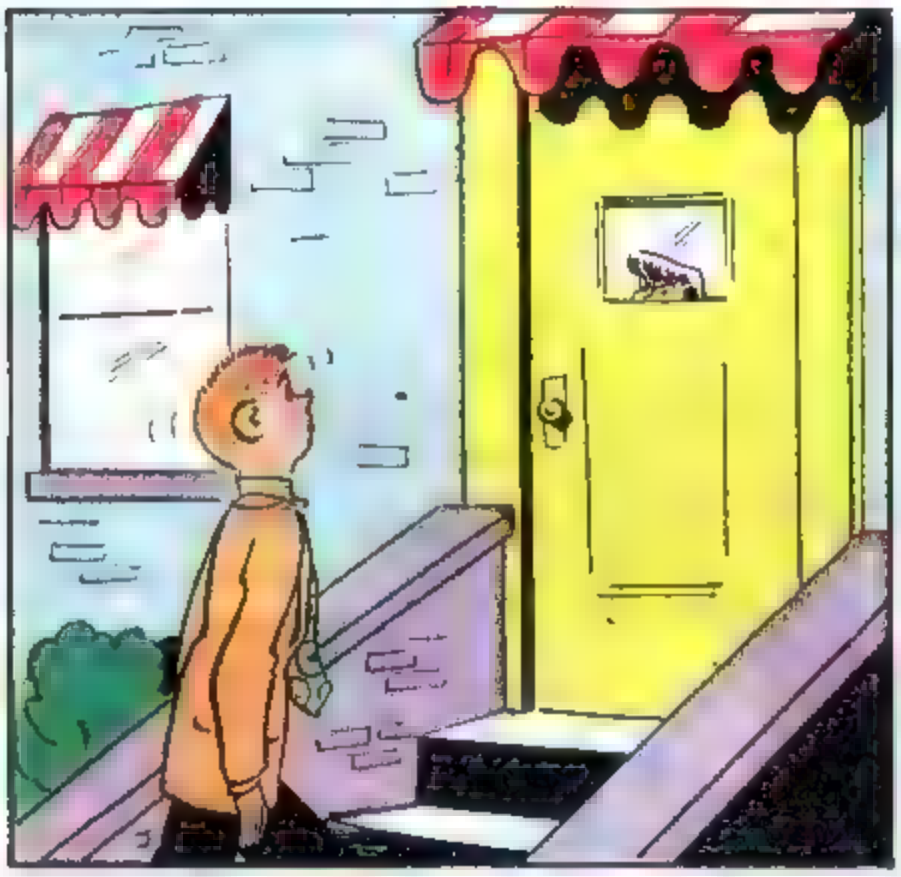
HUH! WHA'--?

HENRY, DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE FOR HOMER TO DRIVE WHEN HE'S SO SLEEPY?

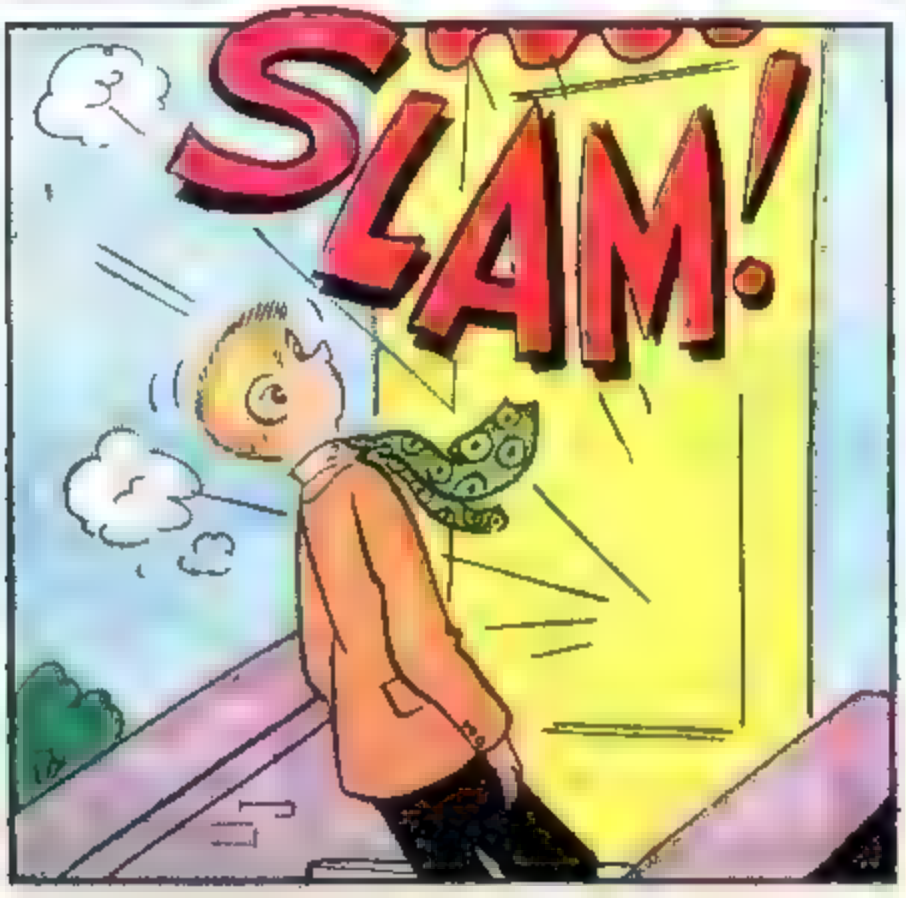
DON'T WORRY, GERALDINE... HE *CAN'T* SLEEP WHILE THE CAR IS *GOING!* THE *NOISE* KEEPS HIM AWAKE!

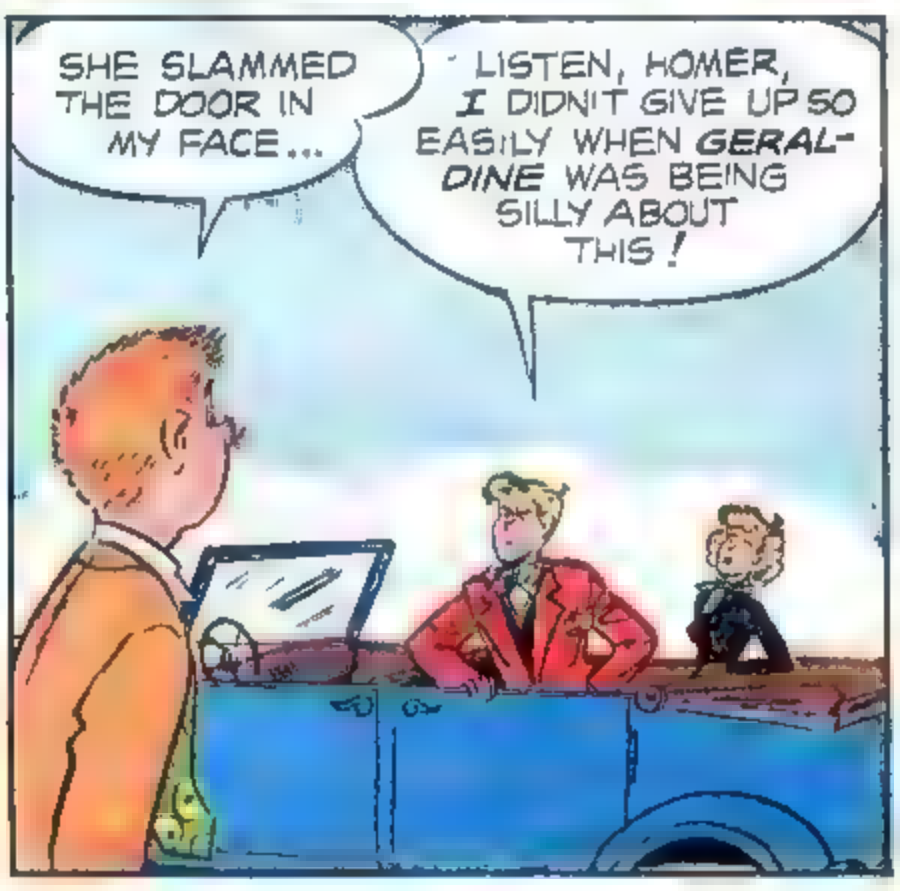

WHOA! THIS IS WHERE AGNES LIVES, HOMER! REMEMBER?
OH!


JUST TELL HER THE STORY, HOMER!
YEH!



WELL, AGNES, HERE I AM!


SLAM!


SHE SLAMMED THE DOOR IN MY FACE...
LISTEN, HOMER, I DIDN'T GIVE UP SO EASILY WHEN GERALDINE WAS BEING SILLY ABOUT THIS!

GO AROUND TO THE BACK AND RING THE BELL! HER *MOTHER* WILL PROBABLY ANSWER THE DOOR AND YOU CAN TELL *HER* THE STORY--AND ASK HER TO TELL *AGNES!*

OKAY!

I'VE NEVER BEEN AROUND THE BACK-WAY *BEFORE*...

STAIRS!

IF I KNOW AGNES, SHE'LL COVER *BOTH* DOORS!

YAWN!

RING!

HELLO... WOULD YOU MIND TELLING AGNES THAT I HAD A NIGHTMARE LAST NIGHT... I DREAMED I WAS IN A NIGHT CLUB WITH HER, AND--

AGNES? *AGNES?*

YES, AGNES... WE HAD A DATE THIS MORNING, AND--

MAYBE YOU MEAN THE AGNES *NEXT DOOR!* YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG HOUSE!

OH... SORRY!

HOW DID I MAKE *THAT* MISTAKE?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN RIGHT AWAY THAT SHE WASN'T AGNES'S MOTHER!

RING!

...OH, HELLO, EDGAR! WOULD YOU MIND TELLING YOUR SISTER THAT I'M LATE BECAUSE I HAD A ***NIGHTMARE*** LAST NIGHT! I DREAMED I WAS IN A NIGHT CLUB WITH HER, AND THE CHECK CAME TO SIXTEEN DOLLARS--

OH, HOMER! EDGAR TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT!

LET'S GO, AGNES... HENRY AND GERALDINE ARE WAITING IN THE CAR!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A ***TERRIBLE*** EXPERIENCE TO FIND YOURSELF IN A NIGHT CLUB WITHOUT ANY PANTS--

I'M AFRAID EDGAR DIDN'T GET THE STORY STRAIGHT, AGNES! I ***WAS*** WEARING PANTS, BUT THERE WERE NO ***POCKETS*** IN THEM!

HERE SHE IS, KIDS!
HI, GERALDINE! HI, HENRY!
HI!
LET'S GET MOVING!
I DIDN'T HAVE ANY BREAKFAST! I'M *HUNGRY!*
IT'S ELEVEN-THIRTY NOW! ALMOST *LUNCH TIME!*
SAY, I HAVE AN IDEA!
LET'S DRIVE OUT TO THE LAKE AND HAVE LUNCH AT THE SUNRISE INN! WE CAN MAKE IT IN HALF AN HOUR!
OKAY WITH *ME*, HENRY!
RED LIGHT!
I SEE IT!
IT'S CHANGED!
GREEN LIGHT, HOMER!
ZZZ
HEY! *WAKE UP, HOMER!* WE'LL *NEVER* GET TO THE LAKE IF YOU FALL ASLEEP AT EVERY LIGHT!
I... WASN'T SLEEPING! I... WAS ONLY RESTING MY EYES!

HALF AN HOUR OR SO LATER...

HERE WE ARE!

BOY, AM I HUNGRY!

SUNRISE INN

ENTRANCE

ISE INN

MELTED CHEESE ON TOAST, GLASS OF MILK!

I'LL HAVE THE SAME!

THREE HAMBURGERS AND COFFEE!

HAMBURGER AND COFFEE FOR ME!

ONE HOUR LATER...

AH-H-H! I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW!

WAITER! CHECK, PLEASE!

ONE NINETY! THAT'S NINETY-FIVE CENTS APIECE, HOMER!

RIGHT!

WAITER

I-I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY!

I... HAVEN'T ANY EITHER! I WAS SO WORR'ED ABOUT YOUR BEING LATE THIS MORN.NG THAT I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO PUT MONEY IN MY POCKET!

WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO PUT MY WALLET IN MY POCKET WHEN YOU WERE HELP'NG ME DRESS THIS MORNING?

NEVER MIND THAT NOW, HOMER! LISTEN -- DRIVE HOME AND GET SOME MONEY! WE'LL WAIT HERE FOR YOU!

HURRY, HOMER!

TWO HOURS LATER...

I--I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM! WE CAN'T SIT HERE MUCH *LONGER!*

IT WAS NICE OF THE MANAGER TO SAY THAT HE'D TRUST US!

WE SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN TO HIM *SOONER!*

SUNRISE INN

WE'VE GOT A LONG WALK AHEAD OF US!

AND I'M NOT WEARING MY WALKING SHOES!

LOOK!!

ZZ-ZZ

The END

HENRY ALDRICH

HENRY, WILL YOU PLEASE HURRY. EVERYTHING IS GETTING COLD.

I'M COMING AS FAST AS I CAN, MOTHER. I'M HAVING TROUBLE BRUSHING MY TEETH.

OH, HONESTLY, OF ALL THE NONSENSE, HAVING TROUBLE BRUSHING HIS TEETH--

I'M NOT GOING TO STAND OVER THIS HOT STOVE ALL DAY KEEPING YOUR BREAKFAST WARM...

SUGAR

SPICE

GEE, IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE...OR AS A BEARD REALLY SHOULD.

HENRY!

C-COMING, MOTHER!

GOOD MORNING, MOTHER.

HENRY, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- WHAT ON EARTH..!

I TOLD YOJ ABOUT THE SCHOOL PLAY, MOTHER. DON'T YOU REMEMBER? I HAVE TO WEAR A BEARD.

WHY, I THOUGHT THE SCHOOL PLAY WAS SATURDAY.

IT IS, BJT HOMER AND I ARE HAVING A SEMI-DRESS REHEARSAL THIS MORNING AT HOMERS HOUSE.

OH, I SEE!

WOOPS -- I MISSED MY MOUTH!

OH, WILL YOJ PLEASE TAKE THAT THING OFF UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR BREAKFAST...

WELL...

I REALLY SHOULD LEARN TO EAT WITH IT ON. I HAVE AN EATING SCENE IN THE PLAY, YOU KNOW.

SAM, ARE YOU READY?

YES, ALICE, I'LL BE DOWN IN A SECOND.

ALICE, I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE TIME FOR BREAKFAST. I CAN GRAB A CUP OF COFFEE DOWNTOWN.

OH, DEAR ME.

BY THE WAY, WHERE'S HENRY?

OH, HE GOBBLED UP HIS BREAK-FAST AND FLEW OUT THE BACK DOOR.

I DON'T WANT TO MISS THE CLOSING OF THESE CONTRACTS. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO ME... I'LL PHONE YOU FROM THE AIRPORT BEFORE I LEAVE..

YOU'RE SURE YOU HAVEN'T FOR-GOTTEN ANY-THING NOW?

NO, I HAVE EVERYTHING. I'M ALL SET--

...PIPE? TICKETS?

YES, ALL HERE!

...NOW DON'T FORGET TO HAVE BREAKFAST.

I WON'T, DEAR. SAY GOOD-BYE TO HENRY FOR ME--

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

RING! RING!

OH NO, SAM! HOW COULD YOU? WELL, HANG UP - I'LL CALL HENRY RIGHT AWAY!

HENRY, YOUR FATHER PHONED FROM THE AIRPORT. HE'S FORGOTTEN HIS BRIEF-CASE, GLASSES, AND HE WANTS HIS HOMBURG HAT. I WANT YOU TO COME HOME IMMEDIATELY... HELLO... HENRY, I CAN'T HEAR YOU. PLEASE TAKE THAT BEARD OFF!

C-COM.NG, MOTHER!

I'M SORRY I HAVE TO DASH OFF LIKE THIS, HOMER, BUT MY FATHER'S WAITING AT THE AIRPORT WITHOUT A STITCH ON!

WAIT UP. I'LL COME WITH YOU.

MEANWHILE...

IF HENRY DOESN'T GET HERE IN TIME, I'LL BE ON A FOOL'S ERRAND... HOW COULD I *FORGET?*

FLIGHT 21 WILL BE READY TO BOARD IN FIFTEEN MINUTES, SIR. THERE ARE NO OTHER VACANCIES AFTER...

GOOD GRAVY!

FLIGHT SCHEDULE

PLEASE GET THERE ON TIME OR YOUR FATHER WILL BE WILD. AND DO BE CAREFUL OF HIS GLASSES!

DON'T WORRY, MOTHER.

TAXI! TAXI!

...THE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT. PLEASE DON'T SPARE THE ACCELERATION!

OKAY, KIDS!

METER

...FASTER, DRIVER. WE'RE JUST DRAGGING ALONG!

EASY, KIDS, MY FOOT IS ALMOST THROUGH THE FLOOR-BOARDS NOW--

TAXI

HE'S ONLY GOING 62, HENRY.

HE'S A COLD-ROD DRIVER, I GUESS...

HENRY, TH-THERE'S SOMETHING FOLLOWING US AND IT'S NOT AN AMBULANCE... GUESS WHAT?

OH, THIS WOULD HAVE TO HAPPEN!

ZOO

PULL OVER TO THE CURB...

SEE WHAT YOU KIDS HAVE DONE!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT, HENRY!

TAXI

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, BUB, THE LATEST THING IN A JET PLANE?

QUICK, HOMER, GIVE ME THE HOMBURG!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!

METEX

LET'S SEE YOUR PILOT'S LICENSE, MAC!

IT ISN'T ENTIRELY MY FAULT, OFFICER! THERE'RE A COUPLE OF—

TICKET BOOK

SLOVANIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS SIR, ON IMPORTANT MATTERS OF STATE! THIS DELAY MAY MEAN THE BREAKING OFF OF RELATIONS BETWEEN SLOVANIA AND ITS 32ND PRECINCT!

HUH? I NEVER HEARD OF SLOVANIA!

TICKET BOOK

YOU WILL, SIR, YOU WILL! THIS COULD VERY EASILY MEAN **WAR!**

HUH?

CARRY ON, DRIVER, BEFORE I'M FORCED... TO OPEN MY BRIEFCASE!

YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY.

EXCELLENCY?

HEY, WAIT A MIN--

BAH!

TAXI

ROAR!

I HAVE A FEELING I'VE BEEN TAKEN!

PD

PLEASE HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY. THANK YOU, THANK YOU...

CONFOUND IT! HENRY IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

PLEASE, SIR, YOU'RE THE LAST PASSENGER. MAY I . HAVE YOUR TICKET?

OH, WELL-- YES, YES, OF COURSE.

WILL YOU FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS PLEASE. THE TAKE-OFF MAY BE A BIT BUMPY...

KABOOOM!

ROAR!

...THAT MUST BE THE PLANE OUT THERE, HENRY.

DRIVE RIGHT OUT ON THE FIELD. WE'LL MAKE IT.

TAXI

MUNICIPAL CITY AIRPORT

FATHER!

...TELL THE STEWARDESS TO OPEN THE PORT PASSENGER DOOR... LOOKS LIKE A V.I.P. GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL OR DIPLOMAT!

WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE THESE TO MR. ALDRICH AND PLEASE BE CAREFUL OF HIS GLASSES... I'M HIS SON, HENRY...

WHY...

HENRY!

..THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR, SIR, BUT YOUR SON WAS MISTAKEN FOR A VERY IMPORTANT PERSONAGE...

HA, HA! HE'S VERY IMPORTANT TO ME! THANK YOU, MISS...

GOOD WORK, HENRY. HA, HA!

GEE, THANKS, FATHER. I OUGHT TO WEAR THIS BEARD ALL THE TIME!

GOOD-BYE, FATHER. HAVE A NICE TRIP.

GEE WHIZ, THERE GOES MY BEARD!

WOOSH!

YOUR BEARD, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

ULP!

DO YOU MIND, OFFICER, IF I MAKE A PHONE CALL BEFORE W-WE.

..YES, MOTHER... NO, MOTHER... WELL, WE MIGHT BE DETAINED AWHILE HOW LONG?... OH, M-MAYBE THIRTY DAYS.

HELLO, MRS. ALDRICH... THIS IS TOM McGINNIS SPEAKING. YES, HOW ARE YOU? NO, NO, NOT AT ALL. JUST A LITTLE LESSON. HA, HA! I'LL SEND THEM RIGHT HOME!

PD

The END

Homer Brown

ELLEN DEAR! COME IN! COME IN!

HELLO DARLING! WE WERE JUST PASSING BY AND I THOUGHT WE'D DROP IN FOR A MOMENT!

WHERE'S HOMER?

AND LITTLE CLAUDIA! HOW ARE **YOU**, DEAR?

SAY HELLO TO MRS. BROWN LOVE!

SHE **ADORES** HOMER! SHE'S **ALWAYS** TALKING ABOUT HIM!

I'M SURE HOMER WILL BE VERY FLATTERED!

SIT DOWN, DEAR!

WHERE'S HOMER?

WHY... I GUESS HE'S UPSTAIRS IN HIS ROOM CLAUDIA...

WHY DON'T YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND SURPRISE HOMER DARLING?

WANNA SHOW HIM MY NEW YO-YO!

SHE SIMPLY **ADORES** HOMER!

♪ HOMER! ♪

GROAN!

LOOKIT MY NEW YO-YO, HOMER!

LOOKIT, HOMER!

I'M LOOKING, CLAUDIA!

YOU'RE NOT LOOKING!

I'M LOOKING OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, CLAUDIA!

POK!

OW!

WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR ?

BAW!

OH, MY EYE!

I DON'T LIKE YOU ANY-MORE! YOU FRIGHTENED ME!

WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING ?

HOMER FRIGHTENED ME !

FIRST HE WOULDN'T LOOK AT MY YO-YO AND THEN HE HOLLERED AT ME!

I'M SURPRISED AT HOMER!

IT - IT ISN'T LIKE HIM TO -

CLAUDIA IS VERY UPSET ! I GUESS WE'D BETTER GET GOING !

I- I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, DEAR.

BAW!

THAT BOY !

I HOPE YOU FEEL SATISFIED WITH YOURSELF, HOMER !

ME ? SATISFIED?

YES! YOU'VE UPSET CLAUDIA, YOU'VE UPSET HER MOTHER, AND YOU'VE UPSET ME !

I'M A LITTLE UPSET *MYSELF*, MOTHER !

WELL, I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD BE ! SHE'S ONLY A LITTLE GIRL !

LISTEN, MOTHER- YOU SAW HER ... DID YOU NOTICE ANY BRUISES OR INJURIES OF ANY KIND—?

NOW TAKE A LOOK AT *ME!*

?

The END

HENRY ALDRICH, STAR REPORTER

(Continued from inside front cover)

terview you for my paper. You see, I—"

"Our paper," corrected Homer.

"Why, certainly," said Miss Craig, sweetly. "Do sit down, I was expecting you."

Henry gulped, "Uh, you were? Gee . . ."

Just then the crowd parted and two men came up.

"Ah, Miss Craig," said the short, fat one, "I'm afraid we're a little late but we'll go right ahead with the interview and pictures anyway. I'm John Smedly from the paper and this is . . ." he stopped when he saw the "Press" card in Henry's hat.

"Who's this?" he asked, pointing to Henry.

Miss Craig smiled, "Why, he's a reporter too!"

"Sure, that's right," said Henry. "The Elm Street Clarion!"

"The Greatest Little Paper In The World," Homer added.

"Ha, don't let them fool you with that 'member of the press' technique," said Mr. Smedly. "There's no such paper in this town. Now, run along, Sonny."

"No, wait," interrupted Miss Craig. "I think he's cute. Why couldn't he be my date in the publicity photographs?"

Henry blushed and swallowed twice.

Mr. Smedly brightened up, "Say, that IS an idea . . . not bad . . . I can see it now, 'Miss Craig visits small town . . has date with local boy . . . sodas for one, with two straws,' and all that sort of thing. That's a great idea!"

Henry gasped, "Oh, no, no," he cried. "What would Geraldine say?"

"Please stay," said Miss Craig, patting Henry's hand.

"But . . . my girl . . . she'll . . ."

"Don't worry," cried Mr. Smedly, "take her hand, boy, look into her eyes. We want this to be good!"

Miss Craig moved closer. This was too much for Henry.

"Homer . . . help," he cried weakly, but the flash bulbs popped and the directing voices of Mr. Smedly and his friend, the publicity agent, drowned out all protests. Henry was photographed ordering from the menu, eating banana splits, helping Miss Craig with her coat, and even holding her hand.

Meanwhile Homer was assuming his duties as staff photographer for "The Elm Street Clarion." He finally got his camera set up and was preparing his primitive flash powder when "POOF!" there was a blinding flash of light and a cloud of acrid, white smoke filled the drugstore.

The crowd fought its way in much confusion out onto the street, shouting and coughing. Mr. Bingham was very much upset, but Homer managed to get away unnoticed with Henry closely behind.

"Phew, Homer," gasped Henry when they'd reached the quiet of the Aldrich cellar, "you did it, all right, with that darned flash powder!"

"Well, Henry, you wanted me to get you out of that lovely predicament, didn't you?"

They were interrupted by Mrs. Aldrich, "Oh, Henry, telephone for you!"

"Oh, they've come after me," he moaned as he climbed the cellar steps.

Henry wasn't gone long and when he returned, he was sadder than before.

"Who was it, Henry?" asked Homer. He paused, "Er . . . not Geraldine?"

Henry sighed. "Yes, Homer, Geraldine. She called to say she was in the crowd and had seen everything. She says she's through!"

Needless to say, that was the end of "The Greatest Little Paper In The World." Next day, the trash man hauled the press away.

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